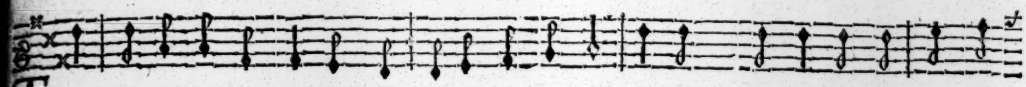
The Swearers Chorus

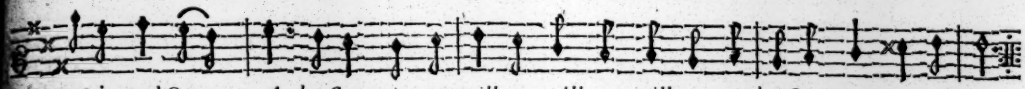
TO THE

CXXXVII.

First Presbyterian PLOT.



THere was a Monſtrous *Doctor*; This *Doctor* had no Peer, a Rogue from his Cradle, and bred



to Lie and Swear; *And a Swearing we will go, will go, will go, and a Swearing we will go.*

II.

A Bag for my *Pilgrims*,
Another for *Black Bills*,
Ten thouſand *blank Commiſſions*
To move as many Hills:
And a Swearing *we will go, will go, will go,*
And a Swearing *we will go.*

III.

A Bag for my *Sallery*,
From every Fool ſuborns,
Three brawny Bums to follow me,
And bugger them by turns:
And a Bugg'ring *we will go*, &c.

IV.

A Bag for my *Plunder*,
Sir *William's* on the ſcent;
The *Pole* did ne'r ſo thunder
In the *Grand Vizier's* Tent:
And a Plund'ring *we will go*, &c.

V.

A Bag for my *Necklace*,
Another for my *Plate*;
And all ſhall be Fiſh
That comes in *Wallers* Net;
And a Plund'ring *we will go*, &c.

VI.

A Bag for our *Piſtols*
And *Conſecrated Knives*,
And one for *Tormentillio's*,
T'fright Fools out of their Lives:
And a Plotting *we will go*, &c.

VII.

A Bag for the *Parſon*,
Another for *Don John*;
Though I ſwore like a Whoreſon,
Yet ſtill I wou'd ſwear on:
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

VIII.

Through four and twenty Key-holes
I ſally'd like a Witch,
And through as many *Brick walls*
I'll ſwear I went through-ſtitch:
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

IX.

To *Lambeth* we will go,
Where we firſt made the PLOT;
While *Prance* and I can ſwear and lie,
They all ſhall go to pot:
And a Plotting *we will go*, &c.

X.

Then we'l to *Godfrey* go,
And find Him kill'd o'th' ſpot,
And ſwear the *Papiſts* did it,
To make a *Popiſh Plot*:
And a Murd'ring *we will go*, &c.

XI.

A *Gown* I have for ſhew
Amongſt the *Clergy* grave,
And, when I pleaſe, a *Cloak*
To hide the double *Knave*:
And a Plotting *we will go*, &c.

XII.

I had a pretty knack
To Wheedle, Swear and Lye;
By the Rebellious Rabble
How much admir'd was I!
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

XIII.

In fair *London* Town
I live, and pay no Rent;
The *Brethren* they provide for me,
And I am well content:
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

XIV.

Of all Occupations
The *Swearer* is moſt bleſt;
For when he ſwears moſt falſly,
He's always paid the beſt:
And a Swearing *we will go*, &c.

XV.

I fear no *Plot* againſt me,
Although the *Whigs* rebel;
Then who would be honeſt,
Since ſuch Rogues fare ſo well?
And a Plotting *we will go, will go, will go;*
And a Plotting *we will go.*

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